

THE FLY.

A fly.
To my eye.
Is a wonderful thing.
He buzzes about all the day on his wing—
A gossamer, flibberty, gibberty thing.
You wouldn't surmise
A thing of his size
Had strength for all of the tasks that he tries.
For instance, to-day
I was reading away
Of fairies and gnomes and the pranks that they play.
When a fly
Came by.
And then he began
On a horrible plan
Of worrying,
Flurrying,
Scurrying in,
And flicking the ends of my nose and my chin.
Until I'd
Like to died
With wrath and chagrin.
Now I'm a big thing—
The fly was small.
He'd stop and he'd fling,
He'd buzz and he'd sing.
While I would do nothing at all
But whack at that fly
Each time he came by.
Deep wrath in my eye,
I never could hit him however I'd try.
I whacked for two hours
With all of my powers;
And when I was done
I sat weary
And teary—
While he was as fresh as when he had begun.
—John Kendrick Bangs, in St. Nicholas.

Middle Age Station

"I HAS only recently been dawning upon me what's the matter with me—in hiking along toward middle age," remarked a rotund man of 45 or so, who accomplished a great deal of roaming up and down the world before he dropped anchor and settled down about a decade and a half ago. "I hate to believe it, but it's a fact."

"The other afternoon I went into a store to buy a hat."

"Show me some straws," I said to the salesman.

"The salesman brought out a lot of those narrow-brimmed, soft, high-crowned straw hats that the sedate old codgers wear, for comfort more than looks."

"Not that kind," I said, rather impatiently to the salesman—I didn't enjoy the imputation he suggested by fetching out hats of that kind. "Wide-brimmed sailor straws, you know—something stylish—not necessarily jaunty, but—er—stylish and effective."

"The salesman looked at me rather doubtfully."

"Very well," he replied, "but the kind I've shown you by settled men."

"Settled men!" Me a settled man! That came as a sort of shock to me, I'm bound to admit.

"Say, how old d'ye think I am—a hundred and fourteen?" I asked the salesman.

"Oh, no," he replied, smiling, "but, you know, those wide-brimmed sailor straws are generally worn by—they're more suitable for the young fellows, y'know."

"I hadn't entirely got into the habit of classing myself as anything else but one of the young fellows, but of course I had to accept the polite salesman's verdict that I was in the foggy class—I can't say that I enjoyed it."

"But that salesman's opinion wasn't the first to nudge me along to the somewhat unpleasant realization that I'm really not one of the young fellows any more. Last winter I went into a shoe store and said, sort of off-hand, to the salesman: 'Show me some shoes, size eight,' and blamed it if he didn't look me over and then fetch out four or five square-toed, very sort leather congress gaiters—those shoes with the elastic tabs at the side, you know, that old codgers wear so that they can clip 'em on and off easily. I was foolish enough to depart from that shoe store in a sort of huff, but when I thought it over and cooled off, I perceived that the shoe salesman wasn't really to blame—it was myself that was to blame for getting into the middle-age class and taking on that congress gaiter look! So I went back to the shoe store and bought my shoes there. Congress gaiters? Not much! I bought a pair of buttoned patent leathers—d'ye think I'm going to permit them to naturally force me to be middle-aged by their implications that I have reached that stage?"

"I began to notice, too, awhile back, that a great many of the young fellows with whom I came into business or social contact—chaps of from 25 to 30—were falling into the habit of calling me 'sir.' I hate to own up how much that distressed me when I noticed it. I knew that I held no exalted station that would entitle me to the 'sir' business from anybody, and then I was reluctantly—great scott! how reluctantly—forced to the conclusion—beyond all doubt the correct conclusion—that the only reason why these fellows of 25 and 30 were addressing me as 'sir' was that they wanted to evince proper respect toward me as a middle-aged man! After 'sir'ing me these same fellows would, right in my presence, rollickingly address fellows of their own age by their first names. It makes me feel like one out of the picture—like one dished. I had passed that queerly indefinite line of demarcation between the 'young fellow' and the 'settled man,' without knowing it or appreciating the significance of the change—and then, when I was forced to think it over, the knowledge of it came swooping in upon me like an avalanche—I had reached the middle age and joined the 'settled' crowd all unawares! I'll get used to it in time, no doubt—I'll have to

—but it's an uncanny, measly sort of feeling at first. I fell to wondering whether, in my utter unappreciation of the fact that I had attained or was verging upon middle age, I had gone on acting too much the part of the young fellow, thus giving people the chance to criticize me for trying to keep up the bluff that I still possessed the youth that had slipped away from me without my knowing it. The thought of that chagrined me. I hate to see a middle-aged man making the foolish effort to trot along in the young fellow class—there's something humiliating to me in such a spectacle. And so, next summer, I suppose that, after all, I shall have to go one of those straw hats that are devised for the 'settled men,' and after that, mayhap, even the congress gaiters, if only to keep people from poking further fun at me under their impression that I am making frantic efforts to act and look like a young fellow after my genuine youngfellowhood had glided helplessly far behind me.

"But this forced realization of the fact that your youth has gone and that you've been thrust into the middle-aged class, takes a good many wistful little ambitions out of your life. I was a great wanderer over the face of the earth in my young manhood—did a lot of sailing before the mast to out-of-the-way corners of the world when there was no other necessity for it except that I longed to have a good, square look at the world and all parts of it. Well, since I've settled down the thing that the Germans call the 'wander-lust' has often seized me, and I have hankered to be on the move up and down the world again. The fact that I had taken a wife and had a family of children, of course, rendered any such a thing as my yielding to these impulses out of the question, but I always had a sort of hold-out in this connection."

"When I'd take my clothes off I'd get to looking at the tattooed figures on my arms, and fall to dreaming of the strange little corners of the orient that I was running into when I had those tattoo marks made with the youth's pride in such foolish things—and then the old longing to up-anchor and get under steam again would seize me. Whereupon, of course, I'd be brought up with a round turn with the thought of my settled-down condition and my wife and children. But, even then, I'd say to myself: 'Oh, well, I'll see all of those old places again one of these days—I'll have one more good old rattling cruise in the South seas, anyhow, before I'm piped out—plenty of time, plenty of time—I'm young yet.'"

"And I was still giving entertainment to these vague dreams when the realization was forced upon me that I was a middle-aged man, that middle-aged men are not for the wandering game; that the old reckless years had long gone and were worse than hull down on the horizon—and then it was borne in upon me that that little wistful hold-out of mine as to again seeing the strange, out-of-the-way corners of the earth was the merest fantasy—that, as a matter of fact, there wasn't 'plenty of time,' as I had been so fondly imagining—no time for anything except to make up my mind that I was a foggy, and, as a foggy, shelved and settled down for good and all!"

"Middle age has its compensations, you say? Yes. Uh-huh. So I've heard. But give me just one week out of one of those old, wild, untrammelled years, and I'll give you five years of the middle age that's upon me in exchange!"—Washington Star.

HERMIT IN CROWDED CITY.

Resident of Syracuse, N. Y., Has Not Been Downtown in Thirty Years.

A veritable Rip Van Winkle has been discovered in Syracuse, N. Y., who, although living but a short walk from the business center, has not been downtown in 30 years, and has seen none of the new sky scrapers and business blocks which adorn Syracuse. His name is Paul Hesley. He is a well man, and has not taken any vow to thus seclude himself. Moreover, he has possession of all his faculties, is well read and intelligent. A few days ago he was "dug up" by an automobilist and taken for a spin through the city. He has lived here 55 years, and was in lower South Salina street but a very few times during all this time.

The reason Mr. Hesley gives for this strange, secluded life is this: "When I was young I had to work so steadily that I didn't have time to go around and see things, and now that I am old, I don't care much about it." After his trip he said:

"Syracuse is certainly a growing town. This seems like going thousands of miles away from home."

The old man spends all his time clock-making and hoeing in the garden. He is perfectly contented to stay at home. Living almost around the corner from the magnificent new high school which the city has just erected, he never saw the building, either completed or in process of erection, until he took his automobile trip. Another strange feature of the case is that he keeps in touch with the progress of the city by means of the newspapers, but he never has any curiosity to see things for himself.

Especially Forbidden.

Commenting on the fact that the khedive of Egypt, on his recent trip to Europe, rode from Calais to Paris on a locomotive in preference to the special car provided for him, the Frankfurter Zeitung remarks that since Ferdinand of Bulgaria made such a trip from Salzburg to Munich, locomotive rides by royal personages have been officially forbidden on German railways because of the danger of distracting the engineer's attention.

Florida's orange and pineapple crop is estimated at \$2,500,000.

THE FOX IN THE WELL.



Find the Owner of the Well.

An unlucky Fox, having fallen into a Well, was able, by dint of great efforts, just to keep his head above water. While he was there struggling, and sticking his claws into the side of the Well, a Wolf came by and looked in. "What, my dear brother!" said he, with affected concern, "can it really be you that I see down there? How cold you must feel! How long have you been in? How came you to fall in? I am so pained to see you! Do tell me all about it!" "The end of a rope would be of more use to me than all your pity," answered the Fox. "Just help me to set my foot once more on solid ground, and you shall have the whole story."

MORAL—Pity, indeed, is, of itself, but poor comfort at any time; and unless it produces something more substantial, rather impertinently troublesome, than any way agreeable.

CLIMB TO REACH WATER.

Old Angler Tells Story to Prove the Reasoning Power Displayed by Fish.

"Fishes have more sense than they are credited with having," said an old angler, "and my experience has taught me not to put much faith in the statement that they only know things from the vibrations due to concussion. I think they reason in some way or other. I don't know just how it is. I am satisfied that nature has not been particularly extravagant in the matter of giving fish intelligence. Besides, I know that their eyes are 'flat,' and they can see but very little. I suppose the eye of the fish is worse, if anything, than the eye of the reptile. But taking all these things into consideration, I am convinced from little things I have observed that the fish is a pretty wise member, and that he at least knows what is good for him when he is confronted by the blunt issue of surviving or not surviving. Why is it that a fish always flounders toward the water? That's the point I have in mind, and it is the one fact above all others that has convinced me that the fish has more sense than we think. I have never seen a fish that would not flounder toward the water."

"I know two answers will be made to this suggestion. One is that there is generally a slope toward the water, and that hence the force of gravity determines the direction of the motion of the fish's movement. And the other is a primary reason—the matter of instinct, as distinguished from reason. These explanations do not satisfy me. In the first place, I reject the theory which makes a difference between instinct and reason. I cannot tell the difference between the attributes, so much are they alike. In the second place, I want to tell you that I have seen fish floundering up hill. Why? Simply because they were forced to flounder up hill in order to get back into the water. Does a fish know anything about direction and distance? I think so. I have seen them jump and flounder up hill, inch after inch, until they got back to the edge of the stream out of which they had been jerked. It may be what some of the writers call 'instinct,' but to save my soul I can't tell 'instinct' from what we are accustomed to regard as reason in higher forms of life."

Red-Tape Absurdities. The Deutsche Juristenzeitung records the following instance of Prussian red tape. A woman who disappeared from her home was legally adjudged dead after a time. Three years later she reappeared, proved her identity beyond a doubt and demanded a passport and other legal documents which Germans are required to possess. The authorities, however, refused to give her the documents, declaring that legally she was dead, and the law courts decided that she could not appeal against the ruling that she was dead, because too great an interval had elapsed for an appeal to be allowable. The courts of appeal upheld this decision, so that the unfortunate woman is still dead, though very much alive to the absurdities of red tape.—London Tit-Bits.

His Superiority.

Constitution—Senator, how would you settle these labor disputes, if the matter devolved upon you?

Senator Trimmer—H'm—haw—well—er—there is a great deal that might be said on both sides of that question.

"I know it, senator, and you're just the man that can say it."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Idea of It.

"I seldom associate with anyone that knows more than I do," said young Sapleigh.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Castigate. "What a dreary, lonesome existence yours must be."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SUNLIGHT AND HUMAN BODY.

Experiments Show That Rays Penetrate Easily Through Quite a Thickness of Flesh.

An article contributed by Dr. J. N. Kime to the Scientific American gives details of some experiments that show that sunlight will penetrate in a comparatively short time through a considerable thickness of flesh. He bound together a small negative and a gelatin-bromide plate and put the combination between the teeth and cheek of the subject, taking suitable precautions that no light should enter at the mouth. The cheek was then exposed to direct sunshine in February for 40 seconds, and in every case the image was developed. One man on whom the experiment was tried had a thick, short, black beard and this lessened the exposure effect somewhat. Another was a negro, with a thick, dark cheek, and here the diminution in the light transmitted was still more marked.

No steps were taken to interfere with the circulation of the blood and Dr. Kime considers that his experiments show that it is not necessary, as has been stated, to compress the parts to free them from blood as far as possible when light is used as a surgical agent. Dr. Kime also states that his experiments show why red light is valuable in the treatment of smallpox. "They prove that no chemical light of any consequence reaches the patient." When red curtains are fixed over the windows, etc., and so irritation is prevented and subsequent disfigurement lessened. But as the photographic plates used were not sensitive to red light the soundness of this deduction from the experimental results may be doubted.

THE ALARM-CLOCK BRAIN.

This Writer Rather Dubious Concerning Veracity of Man Who Claims to Awaken at Will.

To be able to waken one's self at a predetermined and usually unearthly hour without external prompting is an accomplishment of which one may well boast, and of which many do boast. I hope with entire truthfulness. Continually to be doubting other people's word is, perhaps, a bad sign, but I confess that when one of these gifted mortals tells how the tide served for weak-fishing at 3:30 a. m., and the appointment was for 3 sharp at Sammie's pier; how he did not want to rouse the whole house with the alarm clock, and how, furthermore, if he had put his whole trust and confidence in the clock it would have been just him to snore through its long-protracted trill, so he simply impressed upon his mind, "two-thirty," because that would give him about time to dress and get down to the dock. "Two-thirty," he said to his mind. "Two-thirty. Understand?" And his mind nodded its head and said: "All right, boss, I'll call you. Don't you worry. Two-thirty," and he went to bed at seven and slept like a top, and it seemed like it was no time at all before he waked up with a sort of a jerk, as broad awake as ever he was in his life. He struck a match and looked at his watch, and what do you think? Well, sir, it was just 2:31. When a man tells me that, I look him right in the eye.—Everybody's Magazine.

Walls and Things.

Still a great wall intervened between them and society.

"Let's give it up," said the man, thoroughly disheartened.

"Oh, we're going to get over it," said the woman, nothing daunted.

"What! have we wings?" expostulated the man.

"No, but our money has," said the woman.—Detroit Free Press.

GRATEFUL, HAPPY WOMEN



Miss Muriel Armitage.

Thank Pe-ru-na for Their Recovery After Years of Suffering.

Miss Muriel Armitage, 36 Greenwood Ave., Detroit, Mich., District Organizer of the Royal Templars of Temperance, in a recent letter, says: "I think that a woman naturally shrinks from making her troubles public, but restored health has meant so much to me that I feel for the sake of other suffering women it is my duty to tell what Peruna has done for me."

"I suffered for five years with uterine irregularities, which brought on hysteria and made me a physical wreck. I tried doctors from the different schools of medicine, but without any perceptible change in my condition. In my despair I called on an old nurse, who advised me to try Peruna, and promised good results if I would persist and take it regularly. I thought this was the least I could do and procured a bottle. I knew as soon as I began taking it that it was affecting me differently from anything I had used before, and so I kept on taking it. I kept this up for six months, and steadily gained strength and health, and when I had used fifteen bottles I considered myself entirely cured. I am a grateful, happy woman to-day."—Miss Muriel Armitage.

Peruna cures catarrh of the pelvic organs with the same surety as it cures catarrh of the head. Peruna has become renowned as a positive cure for female ailments simply because the ailments are mostly due to catarrh. Catarrh is the cause of the trouble. Peruna cures the catarrh. The symptoms disappear.

Female Weakness is Pelvic Catarrh.

Always Half Sick are the Women Who Have Pelvic Catarrh.

Catarrh of any organ, if allowed to progress, will affect the whole body. Catarrh without nervousness is very rare, but pelvic catarrh and nervousness go hand in hand.

What is distressing a sight as a poor half-sick, nervous woman, suffering from the many almost unbearable symptoms of pelvic catarrh? She does not consider herself ill enough to go to bed, but she is far from being able to do her

work without the greatest exhaustion. This is a very common sight and is almost always due to pelvic catarrh.

It is worse than foolish for so many women to suffer year after year with a disease that can be permanently cured.

Peruna cures catarrh permanently. It cures old chronic cases as well as a slight attack, the only difference being in the length of time that it should be taken to effect a cure.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Chinaman's Repartee.

The editor of the Chinese Daily World, published in this city, is a graduate of Yale, and while retaining all the characteristic reticence of his race he is, nevertheless, rather clever at repartee, as was recently instanced when a rather dapper young fellow called at the World office to sell a certain grade of paper. The editor affects the American style of dress, and the paper house drummer thought he would be smart and opened the conversation by impudently asking: "What kind of a 'nese are you—Japanese or a Chinese?" The editor smiled blandly, and with a courteous bow retorted: "Before I answer your inquiry will you kindly inform me what kind of a key you are, and tell me if you are a monkey, a donkey or a Yankee?" The drummer fled in dismay.—San Francisco Wasp.

Capable.

A very jaunty looking applicant for the position of stenographer and typewriter in the office of a gentleman in public life was told that it would be necessary for her to have a thorough knowledge of grammar. She gave proof of her entire proficiency by saying: "Well, I have always known how to spell, and when it comes to grammar I don't take no back seat for nobody, I don't."—Woman's Home Companion.

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Persecution blows out the candle of pretense.—Ran's Horn.

Any one can dye with Putnam Fadeless Dye, no experience required.

Every man thinks he is reasonable.—Washington (la.) Democrat.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Sept. 9.
CATTLE—Common \$2.40 @ 3.75
Heavy steers 4.85 @ 5.25
CALVES—Extra 7.00
HOGS—Ch. packers 6.10 @ 6.20
Mixed packers 5.95 @ 6.10
SHEEP—Extra 3.30 @ 3.40
LAMB—Extra 4.50 @ 4.75
FLOUR—Spring pat. 4.50 @ 5.90
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 86½ @ 87½
No. 3 winter 85
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 51½ @ 52½
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 37½ @ 38½
RYE—No. 2 62 @ 62½
HAY—New timothy. 12.75
PORK—Clear family. 15.65
LARD—Steam 8.62½ @ 8.75
BUTTER—Ch. dairy 12
Choice creamery 21½
APPLES—Fancy 2.50 @ 3.00
POTATOES—Per bbl 1.85 @ 2.00
TOBACCO—New 3.50 @ 9.00
Old 5.50 @ 13.00

Chicago.
FLOUR—Winter pat. 3.75 @ 3.90
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 80½ @ 82½
No. 3 spring 81
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 51½ @ 52½
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 33½ @ 34½
RYE—No. 2 56½ @ 57½
PORK—Mess 13.40 @ 13.50
LARD—Steam 9.12½ @ 9.15

New York.
FLOUR—Win. str's. 3.65 @ 3.90
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 86 @ 86½
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 58½ @ 59½
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 39 @ 39½
RYE—Western 62
PORK—Family 17.50 @ 17.75
LARD—Steam 9.00 @ 9.00

Baltimore.
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 82½ @ 83½
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 56½ @ 57½
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 41½ @ 42½
CATTLE—Steers 5.00 @ 5.25
HOGS—Western 6.85 @ 6.85

Louisville.
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 83 @ 84
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 53½ @ 54
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 35 @ 35½
PORK—Mess 13.50 @ 13.50
LARD—Steam 8.00 @ 8.00

Indianapolis.
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 81 @ 81½
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 50½ @ 51½
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 33½ @ 34½

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